

## LIVELY FINISH OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SEASON IN BUSINESS DISTRICT.



## THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

LOOKING NORTH ON BROADWAY, AT THE INTERSECTION OF LOCUST STREET, LATE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

Last night marked the close of the greatest Christmas season from a commercial point of view ever known in this city. Merchants who handle the articles calculated to bring Christmas joy to the little folks, and the big ones, too, are agreed that in quantity and in quality the purchases of this year greatly exceed those of any other holiday season since they have been in business.

It is not because the spirit of giving has undergone a revival, but rather because there is more money to back up the spirit than in former years. Perhaps the purchases of the rich have been no greater than usual, but those of the middle classes, upon whom the purveyor of Christmas trinkets must depend, have had the necessary funds to carry out their desires and even the usually very poor have been able to buy something to gladden the hearts of their little ones. Yesterday marked the finish. Belated customers crowded the great stores until long past the usual closing time and it is probable that they would have lingered until midnight had not the doors been closed against them.

As on Monday all of the downtown streets were glutted with struggling humanity from early morning until the curfew tolls were rung, yesterday the throngs were drawn to the great stores and whirled through the streets, delivering purchases to homes or to the various express offices. Christmas packages occupied so much room in the storehouses as the passengers who held them, while pedestrians were compelled to cling tightly to their treasures to prevent them from being carried away in the dense throng.

At the markets the stallkeepers, with reinforced help, were kept busy all day long handing out turkeys and chickens and ducks, and the other delicacies that go to make up the Christmas dinner. Many of them ran out of stock long before the day was closed and were compelled, though reluctantly, to direct customers to other places.

The post office was one of the busiest places in the city. Parcels too small to be sent by express streamed into the boxes all day long and every mail wagon that went to outlying towns was loaded to its capacity with the little articles that will carry joy to their destinations.

Holly, evergreen and flowers formed no small part of the day's purchases. Florists' wagons scurried all over the city until the tired horses must have thanked the equine deity that Christmas comes but once a year.

## SAGE IN OPTIMISTIC HUMOR.

Aged Financier Discusses Business and Christmas Festivities.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, Dec. 24.—Russell Sage walked briskly up lower Broadway this evening to attend a meeting in the Western Union building. He was in excellent humor and chuckled pleasantly when he was asked how he expected to spend Christmas Day.

"Oh, quietly with my family," he said in his quick, jerky way. "You know I'm a man of quiet tastes."

"What do you think of the market, Mr. Sage?"

"It's all right. There's a disposition to even up matters a little; a sort of closing up of affairs for the year, so as to start afresh the new year."

"Do you think the members of the Stock Exchange are as happy to-day as they were last Christmas Eve?"

The old financier laughed outright. "Perhaps not, but I don't know why they should not be," he said. "You see the future is all right, say what people will. I have attended four corporation meetings to-day and every one of them showed up well. No fault to be found with the future."

"Do you like this Christmas season, Mr. Sage?"

"Yes, yes. 'This is a time when hearts become tenderer,' Mr. Sage."

"And when the best part of man's nature comes out of him and makes him feel the better for the privileges the season affords to us."

"Yes, yes."

## SANTA CLAUS VISITS THE CITY HOSPITAL.

Abundant Christmas Cheer for the City's Sick and Unfortunate.

Santa Claus invaded the City Hospital last night, and, making his tortuous way through the narrow, crooked corridors of the ramshackle, gloomy-looking pile in the semicircle of the upper floor, took possession of the room which serves as a substitute for an amphitheater. In the center of the building on the second floor, and set to work to provide Christmas cheer for the unfortunate inmates. He worked rapidly, for his time was precious, and within a short time the gloomy amphitheater was transformed into a brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated bower that seemed a nook transplanted from the Kringle's own domain. The walls and ceilings were covered with holly and evergreen, and from the brackets supporting the electric lights clusters of holly and mistletoe hung in graceful festoons. At the north end were three giant Christmas trees, handsomely decorated and lighted, from whose thick branches were suspended the gifts that Santa Claus had provided for his guests. A piano in one corner bore evidence of the fact that wise old Santa was aware that hearts attuned to Christmas cheer and mirth would find succor for the overflow of gladness in music of a more material form.

## AND SANTA BRAVED SMALLPOX.

Quarantine Guards Unable to Keep Him From Child's Room.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Midtown, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Worry lest Santa Claus will be barred from the pest-ridden house of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Cunningham, on Genung street, was uppermost in the mind of their 4-year-old daughter Sadie, who is suffering from smallpox to-night.

The house is quarantined. When Doctor Canfield visited the little one to-day the child asked:

"Doctor, do you think Santa Claus will dare come to a house where there is smallpox?"

The physician assured the little sufferer that Kris Kringle was an immune, and that he would make a visit.

"Doctor, how will he get past the quarantine guard? Don't you think the guard will stop him?" persisted the child.

The doctor again assured her that Santa and his reindeer would tolerate no interference and the child went into peaceful sleep.

The doctor related his story after leaving the house and, in short order, a collection of Christmas gifts such as never before brightened the Cunningham home was dispatched there.

PARDONS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.  
Governor Dockery Will To-Day Release Three Convicts.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 24.—Governor Dockery will to-morrow give Christmas gifts to the following convicts in the shape of pardons:

William Cummings, Jasper County, assault to rob; ten years from July 11, 1886.

E. Frederick, City of St. Louis, murder in the second degree; fifteen years from December 17, 1885.

Alice Smith, negro, City of St. Louis, murder in the second degree; fifteen years from October 21, 1885.

## SANTA CLAUS VISITS THE CITY HOSPITAL.

Abundant Christmas Cheer for the City's Sick and Unfortunate.

Santa Claus invaded the City Hospital last night, and, making his tortuous way through the narrow, crooked corridors of the ramshackle, gloomy-looking pile in the semicircle of the upper floor, took possession of the room which serves as a substitute for an amphitheater. In the center of the building on the second floor, and set to work to provide Christmas cheer for the unfortunate inmates. He worked rapidly, for his time was precious, and within a short time the gloomy amphitheater was transformed into a brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated bower that seemed a nook transplanted from the Kringle's own domain. The walls and ceilings were covered with holly and evergreen, and from the brackets supporting the electric lights clusters of holly and mistletoe hung in graceful festoons. At the north end were three giant Christmas trees, handsomely decorated and lighted, from whose thick branches were suspended the gifts that Santa Claus had provided for his guests. A piano in one corner bore evidence of the fact that wise old Santa was aware that hearts attuned to Christmas cheer and mirth would find succor for the overflow of gladness in music of a more material form.

## SANTA CLAUS VISITS THE CITY HOSPITAL.

Abundant Christmas Cheer for the City's Sick and Unfortunate.

Santa Claus invaded the City Hospital last night, and, making his tortuous way through the narrow, crooked corridors of the ramshackle, gloomy-looking pile in the semicircle of the upper floor, took possession of the room which serves as a substitute for an amphitheater. In the center of the building on the second floor, and set to work to provide Christmas cheer for the unfortunate inmates. He worked rapidly, for his time was precious, and within a short time the gloomy amphitheater was transformed into a brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated bower that seemed a nook transplanted from the Kringle's own domain. The walls and ceilings were covered with holly and evergreen, and from the brackets supporting the electric lights clusters of holly and mistletoe hung in graceful festoons. At the north end were three giant Christmas trees, handsomely decorated and lighted, from whose thick branches were suspended the gifts that Santa Claus had provided for his guests. A piano in one corner bore evidence of the fact that wise old Santa was aware that hearts attuned to Christmas cheer and mirth would find succor for the overflow of gladness in music of a more material form.

When Santa Claus had clapped his hands thrice, after the good old storybook fashion, notifying his beneficiaries that the feast was welcome, and disappeared through one of the secret passageways, Doctor Nietert, superintendent of the hospital, summoned a staff of physicians and nurses and went through the highways and byways of the hospital, summoning the guests to the feast. Every ward and division was searched, and wherever there was a convalescent patient able to leave his or her bed, they were assembled, and, under the guidance of the attendants, marshalled in the corridors and marched into the amphitheater.

The sick, the halt, the lame, the blind, white and black, old and young, all classes and conditions of poor and suffering unfortunate, were bidden to the feast, and all availed themselves of the privilege with an eager impatience born of long deprivation of participation in the pleasures of their more fortunate brethren.

Such a joyous shout of genuine pleasure burst from the throats of the assembly when, as they filed into the amphitheater, they saw rested upon the scene before

them. The sight of the evergreens and the clusters of holly, and the Christmas trees, resplendent in their wealth of tinsel and color, their limbs heavy with the store of gifts, recalled to many visions of the long ago, and stirred within them memories of home and their happy, innocent childhood. Hearts seared with misery forgot their grief, and dim old eyes grew suspiciously bright, and old and young were children again, as the rafters rang with cheers for Santa Claus.

Under the guidance of the attendants the guests were soon all seated in the tiers of benches, the helpless invalids being disposed comfortably in roller chairs and on soft pillows within the edge of the lower circle, the smaller children in the arms of the pretty white-clad nurses occupying seats on the floor in a semicircle. When all had been disposed of Doctor Nietert made an address, welcoming his guests to the feast prepared for them, and expressing the hope that they would enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

He then introduced the Reverend Doctor Cornell of Christ Church Cathedral, who spoke of Christmas and the lessons it conveyed.

At the conclusion of Doctor Cornell's remarks Santa Claus, impersonated by one of the hospital patients, made his appearance amid tumultuous applause from the expected guests, and distributed the gifts. There were oranges, cakes and candy for every one, with toys for the small patients. Even the nurses and internes were remembered, each receiving a small remembrance from Doctor Nietert. The patients who were unable to leave their beds were remembered equally with their more fortunate fellow-sufferers.

After the distribution of gifts, there was a short program of vocal and instrumental numbers, which was highly appreciated by the guests. Miss Elizabeth Baker, a nurse, gave a recitation from James Whitcomb Riley. Doctor Kirchner and his sister, Miss Katherine Kirchner, gave a duet "Hercule Tyrolaise." (Dr. Alard), on the violin and piano. Doctors Meyer and Hollerender the "Skaters Waltz." (Waldfuehl), on the cornet and piano.

Miss Fiske of the Episcopal Home sang "Fear Not, O Israel." There were also recitations and songs by inmates of the hospital, including a negro quartet and a ballad by James Norton of West's Mission. This concluded the entertainment, and the patients were dismissed to their respective wards.

After the entertainment the annual dance of the internes and nurses was given, and the dancers made the room very lively. The entertainment was the work of the Reverend Doctor Cornell, Mrs. Holmes of the Episcopal Home and Miss Warr, superintendent of the Training School for Nurses. The gifts were donated by business houses.

The patients at the hospital to-day will have turkey for dinner, with celery, vegetables, fruits and dessert, to remind them of the Christmas season.

CHRISTMAS AT WORKHOUSE.  
Santa Claus Will Remember the Prisoners With Presents, Etc.

Three hundred and fifty prisoners at the St. Louis city Workhouse will be treated to a Christmas tree and a big dinner at the institution to-day. Presents will be distributed among the inmates and at noon all of them will be seated to a turkey feast. This will be the first dinner of the kind that was ever given to the unfortunate and suffering inmates of the workhouse, to remind them of the Christmas season.

ST. LOUIS CROWDS KIND TO BEGGARS.  
Christmas Cheer Opens the Purse Strings of Those Who Have Aims to Give.

SMILING FACES OF THE POOR.  
Unusual Number of Unfortunates Thronging the Shopping Districts Are Not Molested by the Police.

Tulsa this year has brought to St. Louis an unusual number and variety of professional beggars. These people range from the healthy type of man who stops business men on the street and tells a story of great need, to the old woman sitting on a camp stool playing a wheezy hand organ. Between these two types are included the woman with an armful of babies, the legless pencil seller, the blind negro, the ancient white-haired man and a host of others. The present spell of mild weather is particularly favorable to mendicants. It enables them to stand about the streets with a fair

degree of comfort and the alms of the alms give more attention to their surroundings than when the mercury is about the zero mark. Since the rush of Christmas shopping commenced and the downtown streets are thronged with people, there has been good money for the beggar. At this season the hearts of men and women grow large and they feel sorry for

those poverty cut off from the joys of the season. Money is given out freely, and even novices in the trade of begging reap a harvest. Any story of poverty and unhappiness finds a ready listener, and those who are spending money for presents for friends and relatives, readily make a portion of their store to charity, and feel the better for it.

An old, sightless man, who usually takes his station at Fourth and Olive streets, received yesterday \$4.35. The old fellow heard the merry voices of the passing throng and appeared to enter into the spirit of the occasion and became as happy as a blind beggar may get. He fondled the coins given him and now and again would smile.

At Washington avenue and Broadway there was a poor woman with five healthy-looking children, the oldest not over 7 or 8 years old. She said that people had been kind to her, and displayed something over \$8 in silver coin. This, she said, was a fortune for her and would enable her to buy numerous things for the children. They would have as happy a Christmas as any one.

An old negro who has been blind from childhood stood at Eighth and Locust streets. He said that in the last three days he had taken in more money than had come his way in a long time.

Hardly any one in the business district yesterday passed the day without being approached by the class of beggar known as a "panhandler." This type is represented by men between the ages of 20 and 30 years. As a rule they ask for money for something to eat or to buy a night's lodging. Generally they are refused, but they seemed happy yesterday, and when they met would show each other quarters and half-dollars which had been given them.

A noticeable feature was the lady, shown by policemen in enforcing the ordinances relative to beggars. Nearly every one who sought alms was allowed to go unmolested by the officers of the law. In spite of the great number of mendicants which infected the shopping district, hardly an arrest was made, and in no case was a woman interfered with.

KIRKWOOD BARBER IS MISSING.  
C. W. Hammond Has Not Returned From a Hunting Trip.

C. W. Hammond, a barber, living in Kirkwood, has been missing from home for the last three weeks and his relatives have requested the county authorities to assist them in searching for him.

Hammond departed about three weeks ago on a hunting and fishing trip to Catfish Island. Since then his friends have heard nothing of him. The weather was warm when he left and he did not take any overcoat. His relatives fear that he may have frozen to death. He is 42 years old.

CHAMP CLARK RETURNS HOME.  
Senatorial Candidate Will Make Several Speeches in Missouri.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Washington, Dec. 24.—Representative Champ Clark departed this evening for St. Louis. From there he will go to various points in the State to make a few speeches. He will be at Leavenworth Thursday afternoon, the 25th; Canton Thursday night; Madison Friday afternoon; Huntsville Saturday, and Monday night either at Washington or Pacific.

## Vigor of Youth.



## EVERY MAN CAN HAVE IT

Youth, with all its vigor and fire and vitality, is only health. It is only fresh young blood. When your blood is weak and your nerves full of life, you have youth and all the wonderful power of youth restored. Get back the old life, the old vigor, and you will feel like a young man again. You can do it. 100,000 men have done it, and they are in the prime of their manhood.

## DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

It is a wonderful restorer of the vigor of life. It is the best of all remedies. It fills the arteries with snap. It charges the body with the power of vigorous energy. It gives the hand of time for men who have begun to feel old, weak, and feeble. You ought to read the letters from these men who have found their salvation in it. They are full of praise for the belt who has begun to think that his race is over. Dr. McLaughlin will send you a pamphlet for the belt who are sent with his beautiful illustrated book, which is free, sealed by mail. Are you a weak man? Have you a pin aching? If so, Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will cure you. It will restore strength to every organ of the body. Its electric current restores the cause of all diseases. Call and see it if you can, or get the book.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN, 704 OLIVE STREET, Republic Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Office Hours—8 a. m. to 6 p. m., and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings till 8:30 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 1.

## ST. LOUIS CROWDS KIND TO BEGGARS.

Christmas Cheer Opens the Purse Strings of Those Who Have Aims to Give.

SMILING FACES OF THE POOR.

Unusual Number of Unfortunates Thronging the Shopping Districts Are Not Molested by the Police.

Tulsa this year has brought to St. Louis an unusual number and variety of professional beggars. These people range from the healthy type of man who stops business men on the street and tells a story of great need, to the old woman sitting on a camp stool playing a wheezy hand organ. Between these two types are included the woman with an armful of babies, the legless pencil seller, the blind negro, the ancient white-haired man and a host of others. The present spell of mild weather is particularly favorable to mendicants. It enables them to stand about the streets with a fair

degree of comfort and the alms of the alms give more attention to their surroundings than when the mercury is about the zero mark. Since the rush of Christmas shopping commenced and the downtown streets are thronged with people, there has been good money for the beggar. At this season the hearts of men and women grow large and they feel sorry for

those poverty cut off from the joys of the season. Money is given out freely, and even novices in the trade of begging reap a harvest. Any story of poverty and unhappiness finds a ready listener, and those who are spending money for presents for friends and relatives, readily make a portion of their store to charity, and feel the better for it.

An old, sightless man, who usually takes his station at Fourth and Olive streets, received yesterday \$4.35. The old fellow heard the merry voices of the passing throng and appeared to enter into the spirit of the occasion and became as happy as a blind beggar may get. He fondled the coins given him and now and again would smile.

At Washington avenue and Broadway there was a poor woman with five healthy-looking children, the oldest not over 7 or 8 years old. She said that people had been kind to her, and displayed something over \$8 in silver coin. This, she said, was a fortune for her and would enable her to buy numerous things for the children. They would have as happy a Christmas as any one.

An old negro who has been blind from childhood stood at Eighth and Locust streets. He said that in the last three days he had taken in more money than had come his way in a long time.

Hardly any one in the business district yesterday passed the day without being approached by the class of beggar known as a "panhandler." This type is represented by men between the ages of 20 and 30 years. As a rule they ask for money for something to eat or to buy a night's lodging. Generally they are refused, but they seemed happy yesterday, and when they met would show each other quarters and half-dollars which had been given them.

A noticeable feature was the lady, shown by policemen in enforcing the ordinances relative to beggars. Nearly every one who sought alms was allowed to go unmolested by the officers of the law. In spite of the great number of mendicants which infected the shopping district, hardly an arrest was made, and in no case was a woman interfered with.

KIRKWOOD BARBER IS MISSING.  
C. W. Hammond Has Not Returned From a Hunting Trip.

C. W. Hammond, a barber, living in Kirkwood, has been missing from home for the last three weeks and his relatives have requested the county authorities to assist them in searching for him.

Hammond departed about three weeks ago on a hunting and fishing trip to Catfish Island. Since then his friends have heard nothing of him. The weather was warm when he left and he did not take any overcoat. His relatives fear that he may have frozen to death. He is 42 years old.

CHAMP CLARK RETURNS HOME.  
Senatorial Candidate Will Make Several Speeches in Missouri.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Washington, Dec. 24.—Representative Champ Clark departed this evening for St. Louis. From there he will go to various points in the State to make a few speeches. He will be at Leavenworth Thursday afternoon, the 25th; Canton Thursday night; Madison Friday afternoon; Huntsville Saturday, and Monday night either at Washington or Pacific.

Agua, menacant, who is a familiar figure in the downtown streets these days.

degree of comfort and the alms of the alms give more attention to their surroundings than when the mercury is about the zero mark. Since the rush of Christmas shopping commenced and the downtown streets are thronged with people, there has been good money for the beggar. At this season the hearts of men and women grow large and they feel sorry for

those poverty cut off from the joys of the season. Money is given out freely, and even novices in the trade of begging reap a harvest. Any story of poverty and unhappiness finds a ready listener, and those who are spending money for presents for friends and relatives, readily make a portion of their store to charity, and feel the better for it.

An old, sightless man, who usually takes his station at Fourth and Olive streets, received yesterday \$4.35. The old fellow heard the merry voices of the passing throng and appeared to enter into the spirit of the occasion and became as happy as a blind beggar may get. He fondled the coins given him and now and again would smile.

At Washington avenue and Broadway there was a poor woman with five healthy-looking children, the oldest not over 7 or 8 years old. She said that people had been kind to her, and displayed something over \$8 in silver coin. This, she said, was a fortune for her and would enable her to buy numerous things for the children. They would have as happy a Christmas as any one.

An old negro who has been blind from childhood stood at Eighth and Locust streets. He said that in the last three days he had taken in more money than had come his way in a long time.

Hardly any one in the business district yesterday passed the day without being approached by the class of beggar known as a "panhandler." This type is represented by men between the ages of 20 and 30 years. As a rule they ask for money for something to eat or to buy a night's lodging. Generally they are refused, but they seemed happy yesterday, and when they met would show each other quarters and half-dollars which had been given them.

A noticeable feature was the lady, shown by policemen in enforcing the ordinances relative to beggars. Nearly every one who sought alms was allowed to go unmolested by the officers of the law. In spite of the great number of mendicants which infected the shopping district, hardly an arrest was made, and in no case was a woman interfered with.

KIRKWOOD BARBER IS MISSING.  
C. W. Hammond Has Not Returned From a Hunting Trip.

C. W. Hammond, a barber, living in Kirkwood, has been missing from home for the last three weeks and his relatives have requested the county authorities to assist them in searching for him.

Hammond departed about three weeks ago on a hunting and fishing trip to Catfish Island. Since then his friends have heard nothing of him. The weather was warm when he left and he did not take any overcoat. His relatives fear that he may have frozen to death. He is 42 years old.

CHAMP CLARK RETURNS HOME.  
Senatorial Candidate Will Make Several Speeches in Missouri.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Washington, Dec. 24.—Representative Champ Clark departed this evening for St. Louis. From there he will go to various points in the State to make a few speeches. He will be at Leavenworth Thursday afternoon, the 25th; Canton Thursday night; Madison Friday afternoon; Huntsville Saturday, and Monday night either at Washington or Pacific.

## 120,000 Starving

There are 120,000 hairs on an average head,—on your head. How many of these have you lost since yesterday? Since a year ago?

How long do you calculate it will be before you will have thin hair, or no hair at all?

Better feed your hair and make it stronger and more vigorous. There's only one genuine hair-food, Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It stops falling of the hair, makes the hair grow, and always restores color to gray hair.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years and always with most satisfactory results. I have recommended it to a great many of my friends, and they all say they are satisfied with it, too. We don't think you claim any too much for it."—Mrs. A. EDWARDS, San Francisco, Cal.

Small bottle 25c. Large bottle 50c. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Small bottle 25c. Large bottle 50c. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.